Too Close For Comfort, Leaving Me Here...
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Internalized Homophobia, Homophobic Language, Cuddling & Snuggling, Literal Sleeping Together, Enthusiastic (though drunken) consent, Drunk Sex, Daniel and Johnny are both idiots, Dreams vs. Reality, 17 yo Johnny Lawrence and 16 yo Daniel LaRusso, Anachronistic, Probably I mean how else would Johnny know some things, He possibly learned w Ali but idk

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Too Close For Comfort, Leaving Me Here...

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Summary

After the All Valley, after what his sensei did, Johnny knows he can't go back to Cobra Kai.

But he doesn't feel like he can go home, either.

Chapter 1

Chapter by 1f_this_be_madness

Coming home it's like this, immediately, always. What he did wrong, or some shit he didn't do. "You're a waste 'a space, a dumbass kid. Forgot to water the plants, always too damn loud, gotta spend all my money on your stupid karate...."

Usually Johnny Lawrence says nothing. He stands and takes it, or keeps going into the kitchen or up to his bedroom. But not this time.

Not today.

"Well, you got what you wanted with that, asshole- I'm done with karate," Johnny's voice breaks, eyes glazed by tears he wishes like hell wouldn't fall, but they do anyway. Isn't sure if it's because of the step douche or his old sensei - or anyone specifically, because does it even have to be?! he thinks in fury, except that he can't stay here. So he grabs his wallet and keys and back out of the house he goes, leaping on his bike. Alone, this time, and then he rides.

Isn't even totally certain where he's going, but nevertheless it's a surprise to glance over when he does so at a car that drives up alongside him, and see a familiar head of fluffy brown, almost black hair and pair 'a big brown eyes. Damn "Of course it's you," Johnny yells over. "What are you doin' driving up here past the Hills, LaRusso?!"

"What the- why's it matter t' you, Johnny?" The twerp calls back, voice rough on that damn accent over the wind and the radio he turns down as he's talking. What the hell - why is that so considerate, why is he bothering to be?!

"You gonna pull over that banana boat and try t' kick my face in again, or are you gonna run me off the road instead, man?" Johnny yells back without giving an answer. Because why DOES it matter? The guy beat him on December nineteenth, less than a month ago. He quit going to the dojo after that night, when his sensei left him laid out on the pavement after LaRusso's sensei saved his life. Yeah, Johnny knows all'a that is what happened. He doesn't know what to do with any of it, never mind how to feel about it- he hasn't even been able to thank Miyagi, really. Maybe that's what has him hollering at LaRusso right now, except it isn't. His eyes are burning in the wind,

the temperature is a little over fifty degrees and he's wearing nothin' else besides a black T-shirt and jeans because he refuses to wear that jacket.

Refuses everything that relates to Cobra Kai.

And yes, that means everything.

It's been the hardest seeing the guys at school or around the neighborhood - he hasn't really even talked to them. Bobby looks worried but tries to smile and wave at him, Tommy waves but mostly still seems kinda shell-shocked. Jimmy has always been quiet, and Dutch... He looked away from Johnny that night and it feels like he's been looking away since.

But Daniel LaRusso isn't looking away. He's staring directly at Johnny with his eyes all big and his voice accusing as he demands "what are you talkin' crap about my car for?? You don't hear me saying shit about your motahcycle! What's WRONG with you?"

And there it is, that damn Jersey accent. Johnny hates what it does to him, the way his stomach flips and his palms sweat and he snarls as he abruptly turns his bike onto an outcrop by the cliffs above the beach- he stops and gets off. Practically throws himself off.

LaRusso could just drive away. But he shakes his head and turns his steering wheel, Johnny sees him do it- pulling across the road to also park on the outcrop and turn off his car. He throws his arms in the air and looks over at Johnny. "You gonna pull me outta this car? Huh?" His eyes flick up in challenge. But it's more - calm, almost. He draws air through his nose, settling his shoulders. He nods, for cripes' sake- and then adds a little more softly, tone even "well go ahead then."

Johnny wants to. He really fucking wants to- narrowing his eyes and stalking closer, he grabs onto Daniel's shirt, but as he flexes his fingers his eyes drop to the guy's leg, the one he'd swept- because Kreese told him to. The guy who still called him a loser, after he did that - after Johnny did everything his sensei asked, that was who told him he was nothing, who proved Johnny was- meant less than nothing to him as he choked him out. And after Johnny fell to the pavement, his throat burning and almost closed, Kreese was there with bloody hands because of Daniel's sensei, but he hadn't even looked at Johnny. He just stayed put, and Johnny got up and left.

He had eventually made it home, barely able to swallow, having to breathe through his nose and not able to hold any ice on his neck for

too long because the weight put him back in the parking lot with an arm around him, squeezing; his throat closing up, the grip choking off his air...

He doesn't know when he let go of LaRusso, or when he'd started gripping the metal edge of the car door. He just realizes he's crouching, almost kneeling, nearly falling - and the guy is hanging out over the door and looking at him, his hand is out, his eyes are huge and his lips look like they're trembling as he's saying "Johnny! You alright??"

Johnny sways and stares at the guy's outstretched hand.

Hey, man. Now we're even, huh?

You're all right, LaRusso.

The words, his and Daniel's seem to swoop and spin and blur together, somehow. His ears feel full of cotton and there's a distant pounding in his head and then *Who's the loser now? I can't hear you!* is what he hears and he's heaving, suddenly; almost puking on the pavement. Until he suddenly feels that pavement under his ass, he's dropped away from the car door, and there's a creaking slam and suddenly those brown eyes are in front of him, Daniel LaRusso is in front of him, crouching - or mostly sitting, his left leg is extended kinda awkwardly but he's saying

"Breathe, Johnny. Just - breathe with me, okay? Can you?" And his hands are careful, suddenly the cool slightly rough skin of callused palms are against Johnny's wrists and he's - his hands are being moved as LaRusso breathes. He lifts Johnny's hands slowly in between them, in front of his face, and helps him move them side to side, elbows bent and then arms stretched out.... And somehow, Johnny listens. He breathes, and doesn't jerk away.

And eventually he's sitting there across from Daniel LaRusso in the shade of the guy's giant yellow car, wondering what the hell he's going to do. His throat is dry as hell, so that's obviously the reason his voice cracks as he says "uh- thanks, LaRusso."

The guy nods. "Sure. Glad you uh. Started breathin' better there." He pauses, shifts back and forth, sort of pinching his fingers together and then rubbing palms against each other, as he'd let Johnny's wrists and hands go. "... you okay?"

The guy asks it hesitantly, his eyes flickering over Johnny's face, and

Johnny wants to snap something, say of course he isn't, or what does LaRusso think?? But he feels - tired. Almost...drained. Not the way he feels after - training, or a fight. This is different.

It's almost like how he felt when he finally made it home that night, after the tournament. So his voice is rough when next he speaks, but he tells the truth: "-I don't know."

Daniel, pushing palms down on the ground and starting to lift himself, freezes. His eyes widen even more if that's possible, and he sits back down. He looks at Johnny closely, almost like he's... Studying him. Like he's a subject at school. But not exactly, there's a...softness in the guy's expression too, but it's not like he's pitying him. Johnny wouldn't, couldn't take that. No, it seems like the guy is...worried.

Daniel opens his mouth and then closes it again. "I get ya," he says finally, after Johnny is about to tell him just forget it LaRusso and leave. "I mean, I was - I've been - angry an' upset practically the whole time, all the way since I first moved here, but now I'm not," he shrugs his shoulders. Looks down at his feet. Rubs the back of his neck. "So I kinda - don't know how to feel."

"Well, pretty sure me an' the guys were making ya angry and upset, so. You won the tournament, you got the girl." Johnny would sound bitter, except he feels tired. He doesn't want to be angry with this guy, he honestly wants to - be equal with him. That's nuts to think, let alone say, but having told LaRusso he's all right, Johnny finds he hopes that they can be.

Daniel jerks his head up, and Johnny sees his cheeks get red. "Yeah, well. I don't know about all that, I mean - the tournament, yeah, I won. But ...I don't think I got Ali," he offers in a heartfelt way that stuns Johnny. "Not really. There's - it's, uh. You'll probably call this stupid," the way his voice almost hardens, it's like Daniel wants Johnny to try. To say 'of course it's stupid, LaRusso, because you are!' or something along those lines.

But Johnny doesn't.

He just sits and listens. "Balance is- that's what I want," the guy confesses. Or it seems like that's what he's doing, speaking quiet with his eyes flickering around. "And ...I don't know, man, I don't think I have it with her. Y'know? You probably think I'm crazy," he grumbles, pulling on a piece of his hair and not looking in Johnny's eyes.

But Johnny thinks about it. Balance. He wanted strength, confidence.

He got that from karate, but it felt like - at first, that was what Ali wanted. What she liked about him. But then...it wasn't. "I get it," he says, looking at Daniel, intent. "It's like what you want isn't what she wants," he can't believe he's saying this, that they're - agreeing, ARE they agreeing?

"Yeah," Daniel breathes, his face crinkling as he sighs like he's relieved about that. It would make Johnny laugh, or crack a joke, if he wasn't still so tired. "Yeah, man! Exactly. You get it," Johnny almost jerks as LaRusso starts waving his arms, and then the guy laughs a little. "Feels kinda crazy, us agreeing on something," and him saying it out loud makes Johnny smile too, a little.

"Yeah, it's weird as hell," Johnny agrees. But it's also given him a little bit of strength, which he uses to stand back up and offer the other guy his hand this time. "But c'mon, LaRusso. Can't make this a regular thing," and he smiles again.

Johnny Lawrence smiling, the sun catching his blond hair and turning it gold, warming the intense blue of his eyes, it all makes Daniel nearly freeze even as he also feels warmer, somehow. He hesitantly accepts the guy's hand to be helped up - damn, he's strong - and offers a ride down the mountain "we should be able to hook your bike up on th' back of my car, right?"

He doesn't know WHY he's offering, or why he beams brighter than the friggin sun when Johnny says "All right, LaRusso," eventually, sighing a little and acting like he's doing Daniel a favor. Which, weirdly, Daniel feels as though this is.

He helps Johnny lift and tie down the motorbike, and wonders just how crazy he is to not only offer to drive this guy somewhere, but to feel a flip of excitement in his stomach when Johnny says "I'm not goin' back to my house," roughly. He belts himself in and closes the passenger door forcefully. Fixing his eyes on the road, he adds "So where d'you wanna go, LaRusso?"

Daniel bites his tongue to stop from voicing the immediate response he thinks to Johnny's words:

Anywhere.

Chapter 2

Chapter by 1f_this_be_madness

LaRusso turns the radio back up again as he drives down the road back through the Hills.

'It is the night, my body's weak
I'm on the run, no time to sleep
I've got to ride, ride like the wind
To be free again...'

Johnny clenches his jaw as the wind catches his hair and sends it streaming, glimmering a little in the light of the setting sun. He clenches his fist on the window well and tries not to slam it into the car, because that would be a shit thing to do, and even if it's not HIS kind of car, it's still a car - and Johnny Lawrence's view is, you don't fuck with somebody's ride.

Well, it's his view at this point. He thinks abruptly of himself and the guys chucking LaRusso's bike along with the guy himself down that cliff... And with that he works not to slam his fist down a second time.

'And I've got such a long way to go
To make it to the border of Mexico
So, I'll ride like the wind, ride like the wind.'

Yeah, he thinks bitterly, I'm ridin' like the damn wind- in the car of the kid who beat me in the tournament - he hears that voice again, pounding through his brain.

"We do not train to be merciful here. Mercy is for the weak. You lost! You're a loser!" And then his own, shocked, angry.

"You know you're really sick, man!"

But he'd been stupid. He hadn't known, not really, just how sick his sensei was. How twisted, to take his student, the one he referred to as his best, and choke him out in a parking lot after he fought as hard as he could.

"That sucks, I did my best!"

And second place isn't that bad, Johnny clenches his fist, tenses his shoulders. Bobby had tried to help him, Tommy too. They don't talk to

him now, but he wonders how much of that is his fault. He figures all of it, because he's basically shut out Cobra Kai.

Bobby did too, or at least, he tossed his belt before the end of the tournament. Johnny recalls the way his friend had been leaning over LaRusso - Daniel - saying "I'm sorry! Daniel, Daniel listen to me, I'm sorry!"

'I was born the son of a lawless man
Always spoke my mind with a gun in my hand
Lived nine lives, gunned down ten
Gonna ride like the wind...'

And that's what Johnny had done, he messed up. He is a loser, now. His sens- Kreese had been right about that.

"Where the hell are we going, LaRusso?" He asks, demands, even though it really doesn't matter where he goes. Just like it doesn't matter what made the guy drive up through the Hills in the first place, or why he ended up stoppin' his car.

"For your information, even though it's not your business, I was goin' on an errand for Mister Miyagi," that deep Jersey tone alerts Johnny to the fact he apparently is thinking out loud now, which isn't good - it's one of the reasons stepdouche Sid says going to school isn't gonna be worth a damn for him.

"Oh, yeah?" He cuts his eyes at the guy, leans elbow on the window well and tries hard to sneer, even though his chest hurts at the fact he'd do what his sensei asked up to the end of their fight -

"Sweep the leg. Do you have a problem with that?"

"Yeah," Daniel's loud retort right now is a sick mirror of the one that had been in Johnny's brain but he was too pussy to voice. Although if he had, he'd have probably gotten the "you're a loser" speech before the fight was even finished. Although maybe - probably not the choking out part of it, not with so many adult witnesses. Although the potential of those hadn't mattered, evidently, in the parking lot... Johnny shudders and tries to keep LaRusso from seeing, smacking arm against the car and focusing best he can on Daniel's next words.

"I was pickin' up some bonsai trees. Bringing them back to his place right now," with a jerk backwards of his head, the guy indicates a clump of - they look to Johnny like bushes or wiry little broccoli stalks or something, but he guesses they could be tiny trees he now notices

on the floor of the backseat of LaRusso's ride. "You can come with, I guess, if you really don't want me dropping you back home."

He sounds like he's not super jazzed about that possibility, which gets Johnny to bare his teeth in a sharp smile that morphs into a smirk. "Well I'm gonna hafta carry em inside his place, probably, skinny little twerp like you doesn't-"

"Doesn't what, Johnny?" LaRusso's tone is rising. "You're really gonna finish that sentence, huh?"

"You're really gonna keep on talking, huh?" Johnny snaps, feeling a sort of bitter pride for retaliating. He can do that against this guy, but not against his sensei, or Sid, or even his ex-girlfriend, who he hasn't asked any more about yet only because a, he doesn't want to know anything else in regards to LaRusso getting together with her, even if he said they didn't have balance and 2, Johnny may be a loser but he thinks he knows when to cut his loss and run.

Except when it comes to Daniel LaRusso specifically, he thinks as the guy makes it to this little standalone house he says belongs to Mr Miyagi and reaches back to pick up his broccoli trees. Johnny automatically grabs one too, glaring at a surprised Daniel and snarling "well you fuckin' brought me here with you, so evidently I gotta carry your tree, eh LaRusso?"

There's a burst of laughter that almost makes Johnny chuck the plant as soon as he grabs it. But the twerp starts grinning as here comes the old man around the side of his little house, calling "Ahh, Daniel-san. Good, quick to bring back bonsai. And bring other who needs change too, eh?"

"What the hell are you talking about, uh," Johnny registers the fact he's swearing after he raises his voice, lifting off the seat and then dropping his head "sorry- for the swearing, sir. Where do you want this uh. Little tree?" Johnny has swung out of the seat after quickly opening the passenger door and lifting another one of the little trees from the backseat.

Miyagi nods and then extends his arm and beckons. "Over here, you come with Miyagi." Johnny hesitates, but reluctantly follows the old man. After all, he practically owes his life to him- there's no telling how long his s- Kreese would have squeezed Johnny's throat closed. Johnny feels another pang shoot through his chest even as he follows, LaRusso behind with his eyes all big and he's probably laughing, little

twerp.

Meanwhile if Miyagi is going to try to talk to him, Johnny's got absolutely no clue what to say.

Hell, he doesn't even know what he's DOING right now.

And maybe Miyagi is okay with that, because he's grunting and gesturing at an area of this...garden he's got. It's big, a lot bigger back here than you can see from the street.

And Johnny now follows him into it.

Chapter 3

Chapter by 1f_this_be_madness

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Hey, Mister Miyagi- yeah after I found a few more bonsais I saw Johnny and so he uh," Daniel looks over at Johnny as he grunts and hauls the trees over next to his mentor's wooden porch and the bridge that stretches across one side of the garden.

"Miyagi understand," the old man nods, his eyes twinkling. He gestures around his place even as he seemingly beckons for Johnny to come on in and follow him.

Johnny sees cars, a bunch of them around the yard outside of this garden place. It's got a trickling little streaming sort of waterfall thing, and is probably greener than any other place he's ever seen.

He feels a sort of itching on the back of his neck and across his shoulders. Like he needs to keep an eye out for a fight. But no, this isn't Cobra Kai. Even though he feels a little like the way he felt back at twelve years old, his first time standing in front of the dojo. But what the hell - if anybody is the opposite a that place, it'd be this old man. And this place is too. But hell, that's a problem of its own- Johnny doesn't know anything other than striking first and hard. He's had to tell himself "no mercy!" to amp up sometimes, more often than he'd admit to anybody. He'd do it, he reminded himself, because he had to. But this man had saved his life, and 'man up, Johnny, go thank him at least' are the words that ricochet around his brain, honestly from his mom AND Kreese. Which, forget that- he doesn't want to be thinking about.

And besides that, the twerp is pretty much staring at Johnny with what seems like shock as well as the beginnings of concern, or something almost... friendly in LaRusso's big brown eyes. And Johnny REALLY doesn't want to think what it is about those eyes that makes him feel things. Anything other than wanting to beat the crap out of the guy, which he doesn't want to do anymore, he- somehow wants to be close. Which- what the fuck, he asks himself. So when Miyagi is encouraging him to come and do something with a bonsai he nods and moves forward.

But he's not one for sayin things, he's more asking others to talk or making them. He's Johnny! The ex-ace degenerate, King Cobra, and All Valley Champion for two years in a row till he lost that with a kick to the face and an arm around his throat, thought of which has him nearly unable to breathe again. For a moment, just a moment. And here he is with the reason he lost in the first place, which probably makes Johnny certifiable, but he DID have oxygen deprived from his brain for - Johnny shuts down that thought as fast as he can. Shut up, he snarls at himself, and abruptly drops to his knees when Miyagi's handing a little shovel thing to him and pointing at the plant.

"Give bonsai strong base and chance to grow. Like you have," his dark eyes have this look in them that's sparkling like he's about to laugh, and Johnny nearly starts snarling 'what's so funny, old man?!' but he realizes as Miyagi nods before moving to say something to LaRusso that the look in his eyes was one of...kindness, actually. Johnny just doesn't know what to do with that.

He does know what to do when LaRusso's rolling his eyes, though, and with a look over shoots out foot to kick the guy in the side. "Hey!" Yelps the twerp.

"Quit rolling your eyes, smartass,"

"What if I wasn't rolling em at you?"

"Ah don't give me that, you were, weren't you?" Johnny demands, and the guy looks away, trying to act all innocent as he's clipping another bonsai with these tiny shears. "Hey! Answer the question, LaRusso." Johnny is regretting his choice to come back here now, he's bending over, on his knees sticking dirt around this raggedy plant and wondering where the hell he's going tonight. Because a sick sort of tension twists up his stomach when he thinks about going home.

His mom doesn't understand why he's not doing karate anymore, and he didn't know how to tell her.that night. Still doesn't know now. Doesn't have the heart to say, his only friends were there, but he can't be because he lost and he- that he got choked out by his teacher. Even thinking about that has Johnny's mouth going dry and he feels himself shaking as he bites back his reaction, swallows and breathes hard to keep his stomach from heaving up bile.

The only thing that's helping him right now, as crazy as it is, is talking trash to LaRusso. So he's sitting here working on this tree with eyebrow cocked up, staring down the twerp until Daniel blurts

"Okay, stop LOOKING at me like that, man!"

"What, is it a crime for looking?"

"Not- I just don't know what it means, Johnny! Are you gonna kick my ass? Because if you want to-"

"No, cool it, LaRusso," the immediacy with which Johnny says this surprises even himself. It definitely surprises Daniel, as those big brown eyes get even bigger and he legitimately stops talking, staring at Johnny as if in wonder. "You beat me, alright? Square, if not fair."

"Not fair?! How-"

"That kick was totally illegal."

"What! No way, go ask the referee, he didn't say anything about it not bein' okay, he called it the last point!"

And called the winner, Johnny heard that too; even with his ears ringing, his nose in sharp pain, eyes blurry. He knows what went down, it's just still fun to rile LaRusso up. It's so easy.

"Yeah? Well you havin' a black belt wasn't legal, I'll tell you that," Johnny's voice drops. Daniel's eyes bug out, practically bulge, and it seems as though he pales.

"Hai," Mr Miyagi's voice emanates from behind Johnny, though, making him spin around on his knee, ready with an automatic block. Miyagi appears unfazed, though he also nods. "Ready stance is good, Johnny-san."

Johnny blinks, automatically demanding "what'd you just call me?"

"Johnny-san. Is honor end to name. Show of respect in Japan. And Okinawa, where I come from."

"Oh." Johnny doesn't say thank you, he can't. Only swallows, feeling like something is lodged in his throat.

"But," Miyagi continues "-also in Okinawa, belt only good to hold up pants. No colored belt for karate. Karate is here," he taps his head, "and here," putting hand over heart almost as if ready to recite the pledge of allegiance. It almost looks ridiculous, the way he he slaps both hands down to shake at his belt, almost shaking his stomach for emphasis. "Not here."

"That's what Mr Miyagi told me too," Daniel says, and Johnny's words go from brain to mouth in an instant. Probably because of that look from LaRusso, like he knows more, is proud to know more. Feeling superior.

"That's bullshit."

Chapter End Notes

Johnny is not trying to be disrespectful towards Mr Miyagi, just so everyone's aware, he's just grumpy and combative and will use every opportunity he can find (or make) to shit-talk Daniel LaRusso, lol

Comments appreciated :)

Chapter 4

Chapter by 1f_this_be_madness

"Hey you dOn't get to call bullshit on this, man- it works!" Daniel says. Even as he himself had called bullshit, he remembers.

"Screw this, okay? I'm going home."

"Daniel-san!"

The firmness of Mister Miyagi's tone, then, had an intensity that somehow makes him think of Johnny Lawrence. The guy is practically glaring now, shoving dirt into a pot for the bonsai he'd brought into the garden, and Daniel watches as Mister Miyagi's face doesn't change. He still has that twinkle in his eyes that's almost a smile in itself. And he tells the guy "Daniel-san thought so too," after lifting his hand slightly to encourage Daniel himself to keep quiet. "Karate taught to you with attitude. Yes? And attitude is showing no mercy. No weakness. But everyone needs mercy. Everyone can be weak." With a small nod, clearly Miyagi is using his words to be a teacher. And Johnny's not leaving, not leaping up and kicking the bonsai pot or throwing his arms in strikes. Not yet, at least.

He does seem to be breathing heavy, his shoulders are heaving and his hands have pressed into tight enough fists that the skin around his knuckles appears as white as the bones of his costume last Halloween. Daniel shivers. It's involuntary, and maybe because the temperature is high fifties with some wind, dropping as the sun has dropped down, but he hears the whoops and grunts and hollers of the Cobra Kais again, and when he catches Mr Miyagi's voice asking Johnny if he would like to eat with them this evening, Daniel expels a breath about as big as the one he let out after Johnny knocked the wind out of him by the fence.

But the craziest thing happens, because Johnny nods. He actually accepts, and kind of bows, to which Miyagi bows in return before clapping his hands together and saying "Daniel-san, teach blond boy how to trim bonsai. I will go make food and tea," and with that he moves swiftly away, leaving Daniel dumbfounded next to Johnny, who has slightly shifted himself to more directly face the bonsai again. He registers Miyagi not calling him that name again, Johnny-san, and glances at Daniel, blue eyes sharp as ever even as his glance cuts briefly to the side.

"You gonna tell me to get lost, LaRusso?" He asks.

"What? No, it's - I'm fine, besides Mister Miyagi asked you," Daniel waves his hands. He's gotta have his reasons. "He - told me, no bad student. Only bad teacher." Johnny stiffens. "And far as I'm concerned, the shittiest teacher possible is the one who -"

"Lemme guess, my teacher? The one who chokes out his students?" Johnny's tone of voice is flat, and Daniel feels his stomach lurch at the way the guy's eyes appear to dim. He sort of hunches in on himself. Almost curls inward.

"His best student, right?" Daniel speaks softly. "Johnny, I'm - I'm sorry."

"Why?" Johnny snaps. "What the hell would make you sorry? You won, you don't owe me anything -"

"It's not about owing, it's about - caring," Daniel blurts out in return. "Look, I - it wasn't like I wanted you to go through that. I mean, I would've settled for you falling down a hill with your bike, but I never wanted you to-" possibly die. To be so close to death because of someone who taught you, who you cared about, or at least idolized. That sensei was bad news, but what's worse is the look in Johnny's eyes right now. It's like he's still defeated. Still struggling to get up off the mat.

Daniel would do a lot to get rid of that look. Why is that? He wonders, and shifts his knees forward, slapping hands down and pushing himself up and off the ground with a slight grunt. The leg Johnny swept moves in manner sort of stiff, and then nearly buckles. He bites his lower lip before gesturing, beckoning with hand out as if that hadn't happened.

"C'mon, get up Johnny - get up an' spar with me."

Johnny watches LaRusso's face and the way his body moves, how the guy sucks in breath as his teeth press into his lower lip, plump and pink and Johnny's watching him way too close, he's gotta stop now, Christ -

And then let's spar, the twerp says. Johnny's eyes snap to his, and he stares.

Did he hear that right? What the hell - automatically Johnny is moving, standing up when as he asks, demands, though his voice

comes out as a quiet rush:

"Why the hell d'you wanna spar with mE, LaRusso?"

Chapter 5

Chapter by 1f_this_be_madness

As Daniel gets up, he sees in Mister Miyagi's face that sort of twinkle, the brightness in his eyes as Johnny swears and shoves himself up too. Males Daniel remember what his sensei said, yeah, even as the best friend he's ever had, Mr Miyagi is also his sensei. And Daniel thinks of that moment when he stopped him after Bobby hurt his leg in the first place. When he stopped the guy to ask if he could have won.

"Win or lose, no matter."

"That's not what I mean."

"Hai. Had good chance."

"Well then can you fix my leg with that hand clapping thing you do?"

"No need fight anymore, no need prove anything, already proved-"

"Proved what, that I can take a beating? I'll never have balance that way."

Something about that, about Miyagi's expression, how he told Daniel to close his eyes... But the thought about taking a beating and about balance is what Daniel comes to here. So when Johnny demands to know why the hell they're gonna spar, Daniel says "For balance, man. C'mon."

Johnny, shoving himself up with all the coiled energy of a striking snake, snarls under his breath "Balance, oh yeah, sure." And then adding louder, "so 're you gonna do some pansy-ass step tricks or what?"

"Steps 're all Mr Miyagi needed against your sensei," Daniel retorts, eyes getting bigger as he bites his lip, wondering if he shouldn't have reminded Johnny about that.

Johnny swallows, and drops his chin, bounces on the balls of his feet as he'd kicked off his shoes and now stands with elbows bent and hands up. His gaze flickers, and Daniel registers him glancing at his leg.

"... You gonna be able to spar on that?" The guy is wearing cutoffs, so his skinny tan knees are visible, as is the scar along the outside of

Daniel's knee, ropy and lumpish looking, kind of a raw pink like some thick pale worm stretched alongside his kneecap. He'd gotten stitches in it, Johnny noticed when he came back to school on some of the first warm days. They had just come out recently, maybe only a couple days ago. He's sort of bent, his feet look stable, but one wrong move of that leg and - Johnny's not sure what would happen, but he knows it wouldn't be good. He feels Kreese's arm around his throat, hears those high shouts given by his friends for the bastard to stop, and he swipes at his forehead, feeling sweat bead and start to drip. You're weak, he hears Kreese sneering in his head. Once tears leave your eyes, you've lost. You're a loser.

Johnny exhales, his chest hurts. He backs up, drops his hands. Bites his lower lip with a savage sink of teeth and shakes his head sharply, that black headband from Ali slapping his skin with its ends. Like some reminder, or a hit from her. That he probably deserves, he thinks.

"No," suddenly the twerp is saying to him, stepping slightly closer, and Johnny practically jumps outta his skin. What the hell? "You don't deserve that, Johnny - what, just because you've done shit, you think you deserve t' be hit an' get hurt?" The guy is looking up at him with those eyes of his, liquid brown and full of emotion. "-And I'll be fine," he dismisses the question about his leg.

Johnny scoffs. "Whaddya think I'm gonna say, LaRusso? Yeah, if I'm strikin' first, somebody's striking back. You always did," he adds with a twinge of something, a similar feeling to the one that occurred when he went over to the guy after their fight

"You're all right, LaRusso. Good fight!"

"Thanks a lot,"

The guy said that, and...

"Did you mean it?" Johnny blurts out. Daniel's eyes narrow a bit, which makes them normal sized, and makes Johnny's chest clench in a different way. Stop it, he snarls at his brain furiously.

"Did I mean - what, Johnny? That I wanta spar? Only if you're cool with it, man."

Johnny shakes his head. This- why does this little twerp have to be so considerate?! It's messing with his mind. "No, damnit, I mean- you thanked me, after the fight. And you came over, you both did, in the-

parking lot-" Johnny's gaze goes to Miyagi's, and the old man, where he still stands back some feet behind Daniel, nods sharply.

"Hai."

"Hi," Johnny nods back, then looks at Daniel again, his voice faster and louder and higher-pitched even as it roughens on his words "You could've left! You could've said 'screw this guy for being the biggest asshole in the Valley', but you didn't. And I wanta know whY," Johnny's eyes are burning now. "Why didn't you just leave me an' - and sensei to hash it out?"

Daniel blinks, his mouth drops open. Why? Is that honestly his question? "Because - because he was gonna kill you, man!" He recalls how red Johnny's face had gotten, feels the cold he felt at how quickly and with how much strength, but also...ease Kreese had when grabbing Johnny around the neck and keeping the others back. "-Bobby went down in a split second, like that," Daniel snaps his fingers, and sees Johnny wince. "Sorry, Johnny," he apologizes right away like he actually means it, and Johnny doesn't know what to do. How is Daniel like this? He'd been willing to shake on their first exchange of blows, too. Stuck out his hand like he wanted to be friends that night on the beach. After he'd been smiling, saying everything was cool...

Johnny feels like his whole world is whipping around as he wonders for a second what could've happened if he took it, Daniel's hand and chilled out. It wouldn't have been the Cobra Kai thing to do, but hell... He blinks back to the moment to hear Daniel still talking. "It- I was scared, and I wasn't anywhere neaR ya, even. Your buddies were down or lookin' away an' nobody else could help," he swallows hard. "You were alone," his eyes are on Johnny's as he continues quietly "...and you didn't deserve that." Daniel shrugs, looking down at his feet and then back up in Johnny's eyes. He lifts his shoulders again in a shrug in that red sweatshirt that seems way too big for his skinny ass "I don't know, ya said I was all right, I figured we could be cool with each other, maybe. Or that at least ya wouldn't kick my ass around every corner anymore.

That's why I said we c'n spar," Daniel adds with a slight smile now curving up his plump lips. The expression is brightening his face so much that Johnny looks down for a second to wipe his eyes. Yeah, it's so he's not standing here crying like a girl - well, a not-tough girl. Ali never cried in front of him. She was the one who did the yelling most often, at least between the two of them.

Ali. Johnny feels less fury when he thinks about her, but he's still angry, it just kinda turns into a sick feeling in his stomach, kinda like how he gets when he thinks about going home. He doubts LaRusso will understand, but clears his throat and says "uh- if, even if we don't spar tonight, I c'n - I'll finish planting the trees," he looks over at Miyagi, the old man is still watching and nodding at them.

And then he says back "Hai, you already stay for dinner. Yes? Daniel-san stay too, drink sake, then Miyagi have extra room for you. Ha!" He barks out this laugh as his face splits into a smile, and he's spreading both arms and saying "you drink with Daniel-san, ah? We plant bonsai, toast to life!" He's going inside and bringing out some big glass bottle like he planned it beforehand, and only LaRusso's shaking head and incredulous laughing tells Johnny he didn't, or if he had, Daniel hadn't been clued in.

"Well I guess he doesn't mind us drinking," Johnny mumbles. "You in?"

With affection in those dark eyes as he watches his mentor, "yeah," says Daniel. "I usually stick around here a lot anyway, my Ma knows." He shrugs again, hands going into pockets, elbows bent out in sharp triangle shapes as he adds "and who knows, maybe we c'n still spar."

"Well LaRusso if we do, you better not cry when I'm kicking your ass," Johnny says, immediately wondering if he's stepped back into his asshole mode even as he hadn't meant to, just tried for a little bit of trash talk.

The guy raises his eyebrows and says back "oh yeah? I seem t' remember kicking yOur ass when we fought the last time," and there's an ease in Daniel that surprises him as much as it makes Johnny's heart lurch and his brain tell him something that would be incredibly stupid to do.

He holds back as Daniel gestures and the two of them sit back down as Miyagi brings a couple of cups to them.

Barely.

Chapter 6

Chapter by 1f_this_be_madness

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Mr Miyagi's dinner for them consists of rice and weird pieces of things LaRusso says are fish, and then he says he's ordering a pizza as the old man roars with laughter about "strong sake!". Daniel is smiling, but he's got this look in his eyes like he's also a little concerned, and is sipping his sake in tiny amounts.

Meanwhile Johnny... Johnny is getting drunk.

It's not entirely his fault, he did the first cup like a shot when Miyagi said "huuuey, banzai! Drink!" And downed his own alcohol like a shot. LaRusso hadn't, but what the hell? Johnny shrugged. He isn't eighteen yet, but he's also not driving or anything, the old man basically told him to stay the night, and besides they're in this guy's yard sitting on his back deck watching the sun set and then seeing the stars come out. And Johnny's trying to be polite about eating raw fish, so he drinks a few shots of sake before the pizza comes- LaRusso jumps up and gets it, fumbles around in his pocket for cash to pay and tip the delivery guy, and as he steps lightly up through the darkness with pizza box in hand, hoodie unzipped to show his shirt and those stupid cutoff jean shorts with no socks or shoes. He nearly trips up the steps and says "damn it's cOld, Jesus-" only for Johnny to waver upright and grab one of his arms, holding on to keep the twerp from doing a face plant.

He's shivering and "here, genius," Johnny's beckoning him over to sit with back against the house. "It'll block th' wind. You got pizza?" His eyes widen at the heat and smell coming off the box, and he blames the sake and the sheer joy of fresh pizza for what he says next "I could kiss y' right now, LaRusso."

"I - what?" Daniel's eyes snap to Johnny's, and he tries to laugh it off, even as his stomach does something resembling a flip. "Yeah, yeah, I know it's for bringin' food, you're welcome," grumbling with rolling eyes even as for some reason he almost feels -fond. Daniel pushes the box into Johnny's hands. Which is a good thing because the guy has actively leaned close, his hair gold in the last bit of light and a shadow down side of nose and one cheek, but his blue gaze is intent. Always,

intent- and intense too. He just has to get used to those eyes nOt looking at him with the intent to punch his lights out

Because Johnny's not looking at him in anger anymore; his gaze almost seems soft right now, and his breath drops his shoulders as he says, almost stumbling "Daniel -"

But Daniel, with his heart starting to pound, carefully reaches out to Johnny. "Whoa, man, let's siddown and eat some pizza," he offers, except when they sit Johnny drops and yanks him down too, and Daniel's left leg crashes against Johnny's right and now they're pressed against each other, Daniel practically falling into Johnny's lap. Close.

They're too close.

There's the scent of sake, which is slightly sweet, on Johnny's breath, and he's looking at Daniel with his hand still holding his arm, he's gripping firmly and his arm muscles are flexed just a bit - just enough for Daniel to notice, just like he'd noticed Johnny's chest and abs and hair and eyes, and jeeeez whY has he been noticing, why was he only biting his nails when looking at this guy across the mat, when they weren't even fighting? He looked at school, too; and before the crap at soccer tryouts, he'd been laughing, he looked Johnny up and down and swore for a second the guy had checked him out too. But no, that's crazy. He didn't know the rules here, told his mother that, and he still doesn't. All he knows is that Johnny Lawrence is looking into his eyes and holding his arm and Daniel is burning up from the touch but he fumbles in the greasy cardboard box and stuffs Johnny's mouth with pizza. Yeah, he's feeding the guy a piece of pizza, and yes Johnny tears off a bite whilst looking in Daniel's face, still. And Daniel's eyes bug out as he swallows hard and hopes to hell that Johnny is too drunk to notice, or even if he notices, that he won't remember.

Mr Miyagi's gone somewhere, to clean up the sashimi and rice he made, and Daniel isn't going to yell for him to come back out, quick, because one he's pretty sure Johnny would say that was a chicken shit move, and two he thinks his voice might crack all over, which would be mortifying. Also three, though he's never gonna tell him, the fact Johnny Lawrence, the guy who made his move hell, is practically pressing Daniel against his body, his leg and side and chest, in the dark in late January in California at the house of his mentor who's become his best friend... Daniel is fully aware that his entire life since he got here has been insane. But this might actually take the cake, as he leans against Johnny and grabs some pizza of his own.

"Gimme some"

"Nah this 's mine, get y'r own"

"Johnny, you can't eat an entire pizza by yourself."

"Oh yeah? Watch me."

"You're drunk"

"An' you're -" swaying his head back as if to get a better look at Daniel as the twerp widens his eyes and actually puts one fist on his hip, like he's somebody's mother, holy Christ "you're adorable," Johnny says, before his brain can catch up to him and keep the incriminating words from being said.

He snaps his mouth shut, but too late- Daniel's eyes get wider than they already are, if that's possible, and he gasps. "Y- Johnny, did you - what did you just say?"

With a sigh and shifting himself onto his knees, Johnny spins and almost loses his balance. Somehow. What the hell is iN sake?? "Alright, c'mon, deck me," he says gruffly.

Daniel blinks, confused. And looking even more adorable in his confusion, which makes Johnny want to dunk the guy - or himself - in Miyagi's pond. "... What?"

Johnny beckons. "C'mon, hit me for sayin' that. That's what happens on th' East Coast, right? If someone's a-" he works his lips before adding the word "-fag?"

"What - Johnny, I don't - I don't care about that, and you're not a f- you're not that, okay?"

"Why, you int' denial now LaRusso? Better head t' Africa."

Daniel looks almost worried now. "Africa? Johnny, what are you TALKING about, man? And I said you're not a- you liked Ali, so you're -"

"I like girls 'n guys too wow, tha'ss progress" Johnny slurs, so much so Daniel isn't clear on whether or not he heard him correctly. And then he's adding "- an' Africa 's cause'a the longest river there, de Nile. You're in denial, de Nile!" And he's swaying and laughing this barking sort of almost silent laugh, before it dies and he adds "...stepdad said

that joke. He's a - douche, but, it was good. Why's it good?" His face is crumpling, he sniffs and Daniel notices a shine in his eyes. Of tears. Oh, no "Says 'm not worth a shit, an' he's right, so why should I - why would I go..." He's bowed his head forward and

"Whoa," Daniel is moving to steady him, hands on Johnny's upper arms, beside his shoulders. He grunts and pushes so Johnny can lean back against the house again. His head is whirling as he wonders what possessed the guy to tell him - if he was actually worried about somebody from the East Coast having a problem with him (which Daniel doesn't, thank you very much, not for that) why'd he even say that Daniel was- adorable? Daniel feels warm as he thinks about it, but shakes his head and now hops up and tugs on Johnny's arms. "Hey, I think it might be time for bed, man. C'mon." Looping one of Johnny's arms over his shoulder, Daniel carefully wraps his other hand around the guy's waist. He holds him and leans, stepping and encouraging Johnny to step. "Here ya go," taking him to the end room that Mr Miyagi showed him- the night after the tournament, actually. His guest room, Daniel guesses it'd be, but

"You are only guest Miyagi ever has, Daniel-san."

Well. Until now.

Johnny is hard to hold up when he's sagging like he's either falling asleep or about to pass out- Daniel grunts and locks both hands, wrapping arms around the guy to attempt easing him to the ground. Only issue is that his knee decides to act up, and a spike of pain, sharp and deep, goes through him. He doesn't know what he does, but suddenly Johnny's on his ass and Daniel is leaning, practically fallen on him. The guy may still be drunk, but he's holding onto Daniel's head, stroking his hair, and saying "it's okay, LaRusso," in this way that's soft and ... gentle. Daniel doesn't know what to do about a drunk Johnny Lawrence holding him, but the guy is carefully stretching out now and encourages Daniel to do the same, adding with voice sounding thick as well as rough "Jus' stay here w'th me. I gotcha."

Daniel can feel his eyes burn in response to that, and he whimpers. He swallows hard, turning himself, or at least his head - and Johnny's arm is around him, and his face is pressing to the guy's chest. He holds on tight in turn to Johnny, registering that he's wrapped both his arms around the other's chest, and remains like that. Johnny's helping- he cares, at least for now. Tonight, Daniel thinks as he's trying not to move in case this isn't real. Or in case it is but Johnny's not registering it and Daniel moving will spook him, make him go back to kicking

Daniel's ass again.

But he's laying here tonight with Daniel using his chest as a pillow, after for some reason he got drunk enough, somehow, to tell Daniel he's adorable. And to say he likes girls, and- guys too. Daniel doesn't know what to do, and he doesn't hold out hope for anything. Who knows, if - maybe the guy was joking...

But Daniel decides to stay in bed here next to him. Because what has he got to lose, anyway?

Chapter End Notes

> In my experience, being drunk doesn't make you tell aLL the secrets unless you wanted to share with somebody, and the somebody Johnny wanted to share with is Daniel, ooohh
>
> This might be ridiculous, but I don't care, I wanted Mr Miyagi to let Johnny stay there, make dinner, and give him sake (I don't condone underage drinking usually but they're being responsible and not going anywhere)
>
> And since it's the eighties, Johnny doesn't know being bisexual is a thing. Also unrelated to the eighties but relating to Johnny in general, he's a fool. But so is Daniel, so it's fine

Chapter 7

Chapter by 1f_this_be_madness

Chapter Summary

> Daniel worries, but there is enthusiastic consent on Johnny's end herein - and on Daniel's too, once he stops worrying
>
> Also in my opinion the sentiment of the song "Stone In Love" by Journey exemplifies this chapter, and probably the next few also lol ~Madness

Johnny gets up with thoughts fuzzy and he's almost tipping over as he reaches out for the wall. He feels like he needs to take a leak, or get a drink of water, but it's only as he tries to move he realizes he's not at home in his own bed. This one is on the floor, first off, so Johnny pretty much rolls off it but doesn't fall, because he can't. The wall is close so he's able to sort of drag and pull himself up to stand, swaying a little bit.

And then he looks back at the bed and sees ... Daniel LaRusso, stretched out in the moonlight. That dark hair fluffy and shadowing his forehead, long eyelashes, his cheeks that Johnny wants to hold, and touch, for some reason - he feels as though this is a dream, because why else would he be in some ground-bed with Daniel LaRusso? It doesn't make sense. But he isn't complaining, he just needs to find a bathroom and a drink. He's parched.

Daniel wakes up to an empty bed and registers exactly who isn't there. "... Johnny?" He softly calls, recalling the guy was drunk, and maybe still is, and he's pushing himself out of the blankets and up off the bed, padding across the floor to the room with couch and table and kitchen area, closer to the center of Mr Miyagi's place. He sees Johnny's back bending over the kitchen sink, and for a split second he worries the guy is throwing up, but as he jogs across the kitchen and says "Johnny -" his hand reaching towards the other, Johnny's standing up and turning around, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

He's still fuzzy, and it's dark but a shaft of moonlight hits and thus illuminates LaRusso standing in front of him, shorts and Tshirt and those big eyes of his. Wholly opposed to the previous times he saw him in the moonlight, except maybe that first night on the beach, when he'd smiled at Johnny and said things were cool. Before Johnny

screwed it up. And Johnny's still dreaming at this point, he knows, because as he swallows hard and steps closer, saying roughly "Hey, LaRusso," the guy just looks up at him with this soft sort of expression, almost like- trust.

Or kindness, at the very least.

Yeah. This is definitely a dream.

"Hey," Daniel says back in a gentle way, his eyes tracking across Johnny's face and body. "Y' okay, man?"

He'd gotten some water, the pump turned into the shining trickle of a stream... And it's dark out now but there's a place to go, the two of them, and Johnny's reaching out to take LaRusso by the arm. He tugs his wrist, but he's not yanking, not even pulling too much. His grasp is earnest and gentle, but insistent, still.

Johnny tugs Daniel closer to the couch, and stands facing him, swaying just a little as he looks in Daniel's face, and he inhales.

"C'n I kiss you?" He asks, and Daniel stares. His eyes get bigger, if that's possible, and he's looking at Johnny and saying

"You - are you sure ya want to, man?" Lifting a hand to rub at the back of his hair and his neck, Daniel sort of rises on the balls of his feet. "You're - y' were pretty plastered, and it's late," and I don't know what to think about this with you, Daniel thinks. His stomach sort of jumps, a burst of adrenaline rushes, and he can't help but feel something that's almost like - is it excitement? Hope? Definitely confusion, and some concern as Johnny is still swaying and he seems ...not all there, like he isn't awake. Or at least, not fully aware.

But "yeah," Johnny's voice is rough but also higher now. He wants to, what the fuck is this guy gonna do, are they gonna fight instead? Can't he just say no and be done with it? He-

Daniel gulps, quelling his excitement at Johnny's response even as he draws a hand over Johnny's arm, ghosting the hairs along the skin with pads of fingers as he offers up a soft smile, eyes crinkling at the corners. He gives Johnny a quick grip of support at the crook of his elbow, jerking his own head towards the couch.

"C'mon, man... y' gotta get some rest before you get a headache, right? That's what I do." He chuckles, nudging him. "Sit down, at least," he implores with a gesturing hand. Maybe then he'll register things,

what's happening, what he's asking...

Johnny blinks, practically shivers at the guy's touch, and only barely manages honestly he doesn't manage to stop the breathy groan that leaves him. "Alright," he moves back slowly, still staring at Daniel, and his hand catches the underside of the guy's arm. He doesn't want to let go of him- if he does, in his dreams people disappear, melt away. He doesn't want that, not this time- he wants LaRusso to stay.

Needs the guy to stay.

So he sits down and looks up at the guy, pulling on him so he stands in between Johnny's legs that he's spread, kicked out to each side so LaRusso has room. And he keeps holding onto him, looking in his eyes.

Daniel expels a sound, inclining his head as one would when chastising, though his eyes are soft as they trace along Johnny's face. He glances his fingers along Johnny's arm.

What does Johnny expect him to do? He's totally hammered, he clearly just wants company, right? Hell, does he even know where he is right now? God, he can't really be looking at him like that, right... Daniel's reading this wrong, he's gotta be...

"Johnny..." is all he can manage to say.

Johnny swallows, blinks hard. "Daniel -" he says back, voice rough. He clears his throat. "Please, LaRusso," adding that because hell, this may be a dream but he wants to be close to the guy, so- he shifts a little, head tipping, following Daniel's movement with one of his own while he keeps looking at him.

That sweeping feeling of excitement jolts through Daniel's body as his eyes widen just a bit. Dammit. Unbidden, his body moves forward, drawing to Johnny like a magnet, heart thumping harder as he settles down in Johnny's lap. He pinches his lips, wetting them, hesitantly placing a hand onto the other's shoulder.

Johnny lets out a soft noise as Daniel settles onto him, and he grabs hold of the guy, trying to be gentle but he's probably not, his hand curls fast around Daniel's side, fingers digging. Christ- the guy's hand is warm on his shoulder, and Johnny's eyes drop to Daniel's lips. Please, he thinks. "Kiss me, you c'n..." He looks in those big brown eyes then, swallowing hard and adding "c'mon."

Electrified by Johnny's abrupt insistence, Daniel gasps in surprise at the guy's fingers, even glancing down at them for a moment to collect himself. His breathing picks up as he feels a subtle pulse in his core. 'It's just - kissing,' he tells himself, eyes traveling between Johnny's eyes and his mouth. His own lips part as he hovers above him, breath tickling his skin. He steals another glance into Johnny's eyes, then crashes his lips to his.

God, what's the matter with him?

Johnny moans into the kiss, his other hand jerking up to grip Daniel's soft hair, moving lips in return as he wraps the arm of the hand to Daniel's side around the guy's lower back, pulling him closer. Hell, this - he gasps, breaking the seal of their lips for a second before kissing Daniel again. He feels the guy's mouth, the way he'd crashed into him, and holds on.

Damn, he doesn't want to wake up from this dream.

Daniel can't stop the startled whine that falls from his lips. Johnny's swift movements juxtaposed with his feather-light touch is sending spirals of bewilderment and exhilaration through his brain. He squeezes Johnny's shoulder automatically, drawing his tongue out tentatively, lightly brushing at his lips. Oh, man...

Johnny opens his mouth to Daniel, inviting, feeling absolutely baffled by the guy doing this. It doesn't feel as much like a dream - well, the fact is he still feels like he's in one, but the guy's choices somehow don't. He welcomes them, though, letting himself take to Daniel, and holding tighter.

He feels himself throb under the guy, as he's still in his lap, and he rolls his body into Daniel's, unable to help or stop himself.

Daniel gasps again, a low grunt sounding through his nose at the ticklish surge of pleasure that travels up his body. His grip tightens on Johnny's shoulder, his other hand guiding blindly up to his arm. They're just kissing, he reminds himself. He could- he can stop this anytime he wants to.

He moves his hips back in turn, whimpering quietly as he kisses Johnny gently a few times before resuming his previous vigor. They're just kissing, and he definitely doesn't feel like a moron right now...

Johnny is losing his mind, he doesn't think Daniel in his dreams would be so vocal, but what does he know? "Oh, yeah," he breathes at the

feeling of the guy's returned roll, and he moves again, starting a firm pressure as he wants to have LaRusso, but usually things flip suddenly into a position. This is more gradual even as they're going strong- and he's okay with it. He kisses the guy with just as much vigor in return, hand running up and down LaRusso's side as the other tightens in his hair.

Fluttering sweeps of euphoria pass through Daniel's chest and up his spine as he retreats his lips for a moment, his head tilting up towards the ceiling in response. Puffs of breath escape him as he starts to grind his hips now, hands squeezing Johnny for support with each movement. "AHh-"

Johnny pulls LaRusso closer, and as his head falls back, drags lips down his chin to his neck, pressing and holding there as he moves, feeling Daniel gripping onto him and watching him move as they both do, "c'mon," his voice is a whisper against Daniel's skin, he drags his lips and teeth slightly, watching and feeling him.

Daniel jerks in surprise, crying out breathily as he shivers, eyelashes fluttering against his cheeks. He dips his head a little, swallowing harshly as he tries to regain a steadier breath even as he continues to move his hips. Johnny's voice isn't helping matters at all... He doesn't want to stop now that they've started... whatever this is. Is he just that touch starved?

And Johnny meanwhile wants to take Daniel on the couch, wants to hold him and stroke him, wants to get his hands everywhere the guy will let him reach, but for now he just moves his hand to Daniel's hip as he thrusts, gasping out breaths, clutching the guy against his chest as he's doing so.

Daniel releases a loaded sigh as Johnny holds him closer, eyes pressing shut as he pants sharply in response. He feels himself throb as Johnny moves against him, charging him with pleasure at just the slightest shift. He should stop. "Nhhf... J'hnny..." he breathes. They stopped kissing already, so.... "I... hAa..."

"What, Daniel?" Johnny whispers, stroking his side with his fingers, reaching and gently squeezing his ass. "Y' alright, is this- okay?"

Because sure it's a dream, but fuck it, he's still not doin' anything without askin'.

God, the nerve of this guy, saying his name... How did that manage to make this worse? Or -better? He doesn't know.

He gulps again, dipping his head when he can gather some of his thoughts.

"Yeahh," he sighs. It feels good -oh god, and he's- "M'good, Johnny," he assures, dragging his hand down from Johnny's shoulder, clutching his arm.

Johnny opens and closes his hand on Daniel's ass now, rolling a little harder and not able to stop the slightest gasps he makes. He's good, that's "So good," Johnny breathes. "Daniel, you're so-" he manages to stop himself from saying something ridiculously sappy, even though he's in a dream - and he wants to "c'n we- keep going?" He wants to turn him and take him, the ache is twanging through his body, burning, making Johnny feel like he's going nuts.

Keep going... Johnny wants to - keep going. Daniel's eyes blow wide, licks of delight and anxiety swiping against his ribcage.

Can he really do that? Morally? Johnny still seems like he's out of it, but the guy's been pretty attentive and very insistent... not to mention knowing full well who he's with...

He flattens his lips, biting them with almost enough force to bruise. Who's he kidding? He stopped playing by those rules the moment he sat down. And if he's being honest with himself... if he wasn't interested, he wouldn't have done so in the first place.

So, reinvigorated, perhaps even delusionally so- as, if he was gonna put a word to it, that would be the one- he nods. "Yes, Johnny," he murmurs, leaning in again for another kiss, "we can keep goin'." He must be out of his mind, he thinks; ...worth it, but berating himself is going to be an issue if this comes back to bite him in the ass tomorrow....

Johnny feels his heart soar, feels his stomach flip- things he isn't used to feeling so strongly in his dreams, but fuck it- they can do this, hE can do this, LaRusso is okay with it. He kisses the guy in return, multiple times in quick succession, squeezing his ass and rolling his hips more sharply. But he wants - he wants

"Wanna be w'th you," his voice is still slurring, if only slightly. "Wanna- c'n I -" he's losing it. Gotta be, usually the dream has shifted for him by now, and this one would have him pressing Daniel into the couch and going at it, taking him- but they aren't there yet, even if he wants to be.

"Please," he says again, something he wouldn't, or doesn't think he'd be saying this much if it wasn't a dream. "C'n I - have ya, Daniel?"

Daniel blinks, looking to Johnny with a sense of awe. The guy almost sounds like he's pleading with him, and the way he's not slowing down isn't helping him think. His body's pulsing now with want, so all he wants to feel is more. He works his mouth for a moment before managing to say, "I- yeah. A- alright, Johnny."

All right, he can, he - with a higher sound that's not whimpering, it's not, Johnny's pressing himself to Daniel and then carefully turning him, hands sliding down his sides as he puts the guy against the couch. He feels Daniel, and catches hold of his clothes. God, he's "can I, can we -" he wants to go right to it, fingers working him to then sink himself inside, but even in a dream he's telling himself slow down, just because he's okay with you right now doesn't mean he's going to be ... Shifting himself up, pressing to and along Daniel's back, Johnny rolls against him, feeling himself hard and aching, pulsing as he moves.

Daniel gasps loudly as he braces against the armrest.

God, Johnny feels hot against his skin. He feels himself twitch in kind. Is this seriously about to happen? His breathing picks up just a bit as he wets his lips. "Wh... what're y' asking, Johnny...?" He lets out a breathy laugh, lifting his hands briefly in a shrug before they strike back into the couch with a dull thud. "You already got me here, it's... it's okay, alright?"

The way he laughs even as he's still moving, Jesus - Johnny throbs and he's suddenly pulling more sharply at Daniel's clothes, tugging to bare his ass as he replies "okay, okay, LaRusso, I -" biting back a groan and letting a finger press to move around him, wanting so much to go all in, but knowing he still needs to prepare, even in a dream - he rests his forehead on Daniel's shoulder, stroking and then carefully moving his hips, an automatic motion as he moves one finger in and out. God, he wants him so much....

Daniel's mouth falls open as a whine passes from him, a shiver traveling up his spine as he arches into Johnny's hand a fraction. It's such a weird sensation, but it's definitely not unpleasant. Delight dances in his chest as he lets out a sound akin to a chuff, readjusting his body so he's bracing his chest against the armrest.

"Y' - okay?" Johnny asks, leaning over and pressing to him as he moves his finger, tracing the second around, feeling himself heavy and

hard and aching as he does so. He moves into Daniel, rubbing himself against his ass, and gasping a little.

A higher sound shoots out of him, skin jolting beneath Johnny as he twitches again.

He hums in reply, squeezing his eyes shut for a moment as he swallows again. God, his mouth feels dry all of a sudden but at the same time he can't seem to stop his saliva from building up either.

He shouldn't be a mess already, but - he... he can't help it. He sucks in air sharply, grunting as he utters, "Ah, dammit - J'hnny..." He raises his ass a little more, grinding impatiently into the air.

"Y' want, damn, LaRusso," Johnny's vision is taken up by this guy now, there's no shifting into other places, no sequences of dreams. There's him and this couch and Daniel, mostly just Daniel, and he throbs so hard. "Y' want - me?" He asks, almost breathless as he leaks, one hand covering and pulling at himself just the once as he gasps. He wants this so much -

Christ, he's really attentive... or maybe he's just teasing him... whatever the case may be, why's that make his heart race? He can't stop the charged whimper that bursts out of him as he squirms in place. Johnny started this, dammit. It's not his fault he's excited. "You- really?" He pants through another laugh. "S'really - funny, Johnny," he notes, seeing as their current situation is pretty self-explanatory, he thought. But he has to remember, the guy's plastered... hell, he probably won't even remember this tomorrow.

"Y' see me laughing?" Johnny's voice drops to a growl. "Y' want this or-" his voice dissipates as he rolls more, unable to explain he's gonna keep asking until he gets an actual answer. "I'll stop, if ya- say stop," voice still a slur, nonetheless he adds "I pr'mise."

Indignant, Daniel swiftly cranes his neck, passing a piercing look over his shoulder at the other. As multiple potential scenarios suddenly race through his head as if on a reel (most of them ending at an awkward stopping point with Johnny snoring and himself half-laid bare)-embarrassment surges through him, lighting up his face.

"Johnny, if you stop right now, I'm definitely kicking your ass," he announces with a smile in what sounds like amusement but has a note of sincerity.

Johnny raises his eyebrows. Say no more, twerp, he thinks; and

"alright," he says on a sigh, shifting himself and lining up with Daniel. At attention he pushes, holding the guy and shifting his fingers as he goes, feeling himself throbbing as if at Daniel's words, which is probably true. That look over his shoulder has Johnny running wild, and it almost stops his brain completely. Luckily, though, his body moves, and he's rolling, holding on to Daniel as first he presses and then pulls, in and out.

Daniel is instantaneously sent tumbling into tunnel vision the moment Johnny presses himself in, not leaving or sparing a second for him to process.

He's already hiccupping on sound as Johnny moves, his hands curling, nails digging into the couch as he's rocked back and forth. It'd seem almost comforting if he wasn't as turned on as he is right now, eyes permanently fixed on Johnny, half-lidded and fluttering. He moans quietly into the couch, feeling himself pressing into the pillow beneath his body. Shallow breaths puff out through his nose as he desperately wets his lips, his mouth feeling devoid of any moisture.

Johnny moves him, moves with him, and "LaRusso -" it's a whisper, as his hand curves around Daniel's body, stroking his chest and dragging downward. "Want me t' touch you, man?" He's burning as he moves, warmth building and tension easing.

And he wants Daniel to feel that too.

Daniel grunts loudly as he attempts to shake his head, but his cheek merely presses into the armrest. He wets his lips again, jerking his head again the best he can as he readjusts an arm to hang freely over the side of the couch. "Mmnh-o... n-no, J... Johnny... m' aH- hah... m'g-good... jus' m... move -more..."

Move more? Okay... Shifting his hand to grip Daniel's hip, Johnny presses his head against the back of Daniel's neck briefly. "Okay," he says, and then he moves, covering the other with his body, rolling, thrusting himself, harder and more quickly.

"AUH-" Daniel's sounds increase exponentially in volume as his eyes squeeze shut, his voice dropping into a low bellow, raspy with desire. His mouth is fixed open as deep-seated groans are wrenched from him. The only other sound accompanying them is the ever-so-slight jerking of the couch against the smooth floor, and the subtle clawing, scratching sound emanating from Daniel's bracing hand upon the couch fabric.

"Gotcha, Daniel," Johnny's pressing kisses to his shoulders now, he's rocking along Daniel, pushing in and feeling heat expand as he holds on and hears him. He lets out a moan, hips moving a little faster as he whispers "c'mon, feel - you're - feeling s-so good, I gotcha."

Daniel practically wheezes his reply, catching his breath for only a second until he's a panting mess again. He's shuddering beneath Johnny now, his whole body set ablaze as a refreshing swell of coolness passes over him in waves. Johnny's voice coaxes him like a siren song and he can't help but listen as he resumes moving his own hips, trying to match the other's movements. Crackles and sparks dig into his stomach as he whines, his own sound somehow managing to amplify his excitement.

Johnny aches and burns as he hears Daniel whine, feeling him moving his hips along, and with that Johnny's rolling and undulating, gasping out small sounds of his own. "So good," he breathes out. "This 's - so damn good." May be the longest he's lasted in a dream, or the longest dream he's had... either way, he wants Daniel to feel good, and to know he feels good even if at some point he has to wake up.

Daniel hums automatically in satisfaction, though it's not entirely clear if it's in response to Johnny's statement or in general. He chokes on sound as Johnny moves, and he watches out of his periphery like a man starved as this golden-headed dumbass rams into him without shame.

He never thought in a million years he'd see this side of Johnny... vulnerable, desperate, sweet... but damn does the guy wear it well.

"Mmnh, AH- Joh-ahHah...nny... uhhf, mnNH..." is all he can manage for now, but he hopes like hell it'll translate. Keep going.

Keep going.

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Part 2, electric boogaloo
These two are idiots (...and they're also probably both gonna be sore)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Johnny feels a clench and a sort of squeeze within his chest as he moves. He sees Daniel's eyes, hears his sounds, and continues, practically slamming, his grip with fingers splayed across Daniel's sides bracing as he moves almost continuously, rocking himself, pounding into Daniel. It's as if the heat has become a glowing trail inside his head now as he gasps and grunts and murmurs to Daniel whilst he moves.

Sweat coats Daniel's brow as he and Johnny move in tandem. His heartbeat seems to reverberate throughout his body, a thunderous tempo that alternates somewhat inconsistently with their simultaneous rhythm. Smaller sounds pepper the air as he wills himself to stop moving for just a second, the muscles in his legs screaming for a break. Johnny's relentless movement makes him ache, each subsequent push supplying relief that makes him shiver before it's once again replaced with that desperate feeling as he pulls out. This is amplified the second he halts his hips, Johnny's skin smacking against his, wrenching another guttural sound from his throat.

Johnny bows his head, his hair brushing against the back of Daniel's neck as his face presses, moves and sticks to his sweaty skin. He grips Daniel's hips now with his hands, working them with arms tensed and body slamming into LaRusso's, the ache of pleasure and sound of his voice making Johnny's own burning desire increase as his movements continue.

"Hngh, J... Joh-nnyy," Daniel groans, squirming beneath him, his thoughts drifting away into hushed murmurs as pleasure overtakes him.

He feels numb- but that's not exactly it. It's as if he's floating, held adrift in the air with his excitement alone, feelings of euphoria and

desire subduing his steadily building fatigue. He doesn't want to stop, he feels. He likes this. Hell, he may even want to voice as such, but all that comes out are low moans and short grunts as he's practically shoved into the couch.

Johnny feels lightheaded and he gasps, unintentionally letting teeth press to Daniel's skin just below the back of his neck briefly. "Unh, s'rry," he manages, pressing lips to the skin then, tasting salty sweat and wanting to bury himself into LaRusso, the depth of his movements increasing as he feels that.

"NnH-" Daniel jerks and shivers in response, one of his legs curling up behind him, hanging off the side of the couch, brushing briefly against Johnny's side. Oh, man... He wants him to do that again, but he can hardly will his mouth to move let alone speak. He wets his lips quickly, a higher sound skipping out of him as he readjusts his arms, crossing them along the armrest to provide himself a bit of cushion.

Johnny growls something inarticulately as he burns especially hot at the places he touches Daniel, pressing lips and then opening mouth, gasping slightly, and lifting head to see the guy fold his arms, as if in a pose of relaxation, something about that makes him move sharply and then dip his face to press teeth to Daniel's skin again.

Daniel chokes on sound, his skin jolting and lighting up in goosebumps in response to Johnny's touch. His eyes flutter as he attempts to move his hips again, paying little mind to the dull ache of his muscles. Christ - this is actually happening... He feels so warm and secure- what the hell's that about?

"LaRusso," Johnny breathes, eyes lifting and he moves one hand off Daniel's hip to stroke his hair, sort of nudge at his face. He wants- he wants to see his eyes. Those big brown eyes... He can tell the guy is moving with him again, he's encouraging this, but is it a dream? Is it because Johnny's been asking him, practically begging, Jesus H. Christ... He wants to see, to know what the twerp feels, see it on his face.

Daniel hums distantly with curiosity, gulping down air as he raises his head, rolling his body just a bit so his back is facing the couch. He turns his head then, peeking over his shoulder, cheeks flushed, half-lidded eyes watching Johnny inquisitively. The guy has no right to look this good. Hell, even hammered, he looks great.

At the shift of Daniel's body, Johnny shifts too, hands opening, fingers

flexing. And then at the sight of those eyes, his flushed cheeks and inquisitive glance, a slight noise, high and small, exits Johnny's mouth. Holy shit, this is REAL. He feels himself break into a smile. Oh, wow.

Daniel's eyes wander across Johnny's face as if in a haze of his own, panting harshly as he does. Watching the guy brighten up with a smile has him offer a soft one in return, and he settles against the couch more comfortably as he stretches his legs and rests his head into his arms.

Johnny strokes Daniel's hair, then, and moves closer, lips brushing over his temple and cheek. "LaRusso - Daniel," he breathes, still with a sense of awe. His movements roll more languidly for the moment.

A small startled sound trips out of Daniel at the change in pace, eyes widening just a fraction, but he wholeheartedly accepts it with a long sigh, sinking his face into his arms. He's leaking on the pillow beneath him now, smaller chirps of delight squeaking out of him, punctuated by gentle sighs.

Johnny, knowing this is real, knowing his words mean something not just to him now, in the landscape of his dream, but that he's actually saying 'em out loud to Daniel LaRusso, breathes shakily as he moves and says "good- so good, Daniel. You're -" he swallows hard, a lump seeming to fill his throat suddenly. He squeezes his eyes shut, pressing face partly into Daniel's thick dark hair, and murmurs, feeling vulnerable "tell me t' speed up, f ya want- or whatever you want," his voice is a husk as he takes another breath.

Daniel blinks slowly, sighing sweetly into the couch. No, this is good, he wants to say. He feels amazing, though he can't quite put it into words. He manages to groan out, "Mhgh, J'h-nny..." but his thoughts are mostly full of fluff now as he digs his nails into the couch again, squirming restlessly. "HAhh... k... kee- p.... Jus' keep- nnhf..."

And hopes to hell that's enough.

Keep going - and so he does, moving slowly and deeply, encouraging Daniel with words Johnny doesn't realize he's saying out loud, murmurs that he feels so good, he knows it feels good, and finally he whispers a husky "c'mon, come for me, Daniel."

And Daniel does. With a shudder and a cry, maybe a second or several after Johnny says so, gripping and working himself into the couch and back against Johnny, he is letting go, body going slack after jerking

through aftershocks as Johnny follows.

Johnny eventually shifts himself and Daniel, careful as the other seems to be floating in a not-quite-here state now that's even more distant than Johnny's supposed dream. So, after leaning the guy against him, Daniel's head lolling back into Johnny's shoulder, he scoops Daniel up into his arms and, slightly weaving through the room, makes it down the hall and back to the floor-bed again. He kneels down and puts LaRusso in it before returning to spot-clean the pillow on the couch, because even drunk (even though he doesn't feel like it much now) this isn't his house, nor does it belong to LaRusso, and he doesn't want to even try to explain - or not explain - what was happening between them.

So he cleans up the best he can and comes flopping down on the bed with arm across LaRusso's snoring body as the barest streaks of sunlight start peeking over the horizon above the sea.

Only thing, thinks Johnny, is what the hell is he going to say, or not even that- what the hell is gonna happen tomorrow?

Chapter End Notes

> As my girl (and co-writer of these last two chapters) said so accurately, in my opinion, when I told her I'd been trying to write a slowburn for these two boys:
>
> HA
> SLOWBURN
> That's funny
> They're like... slowburn with pitfalls, and the "pitfalls" are them hooking up throughout, with various reasons. They're mad at each other, happy, breaking up, getting together, drunk, etc.

Chapter 9

Chapter by 1f_this_be_madness

Johnny wakes with the sort of jerks in his leg muscles that happen when he's done a long session of karate, usually, or if he's walking or running up roads through Encino. Which he's done sometimes heading through the neighborhood - Bobby goes with him, and on occasion they're joined by Dutch because the three of them can run for a while without talking. Tommy on the other hand would get bored after about 5 minutes and bug them to do something else. He wonders for half a second if he'd met up with Bobby last night, in spite of not going to the dojo. Or because of not going to the dojo anymore, but when Johnny stretches, he feels the weight of another person whose slim arms are wrapped tightly around him, and he and Bobby hug sometimes but Bobby's not a cuddler.

Not like he's trying to crush the air out of Johnny's body, at least- so when he shifts and looks to see fluffy pretty much black hair and olive skin, he's shocked into the realization that he's being held on to as if for dear life by Daniel LaRusso. Which doesn't make a single damn bit of sense- they don't hang out, they only see each other at a distance, at school - until yesterday, he saw the twerp driving his car, Johnny remembers. They talked and somehow got back...here to this- wherever this is, the bed is on the floor and the walls are white and square and devoid of ornamentation. Not that Johnny's walls have ornament, but he can tell he is not in his bedroom and definitely not in his house.

He's on the floor in a bed wrapped around and pressing up against LaRusso, who's got one skinny leg thrown over Johnny's along with his arms cinched around his abdomen. Johnny feels an ache when he moves his head, and oh. He's hungover. What did he drink, and why? Did the two of them have some weird kumbaya moment to hash out their issues? Residual issues, maybe, but how the hell would they - Johnny feels his heart thump as he hears a heavy sigh and watches Daniel's eyelashes flutter against his cheeks....

A lump or something seems to stop up his throat and he feels another, lower ache that makes him shift himself uncomfortably. Nah, there's no way- he's starting to remember other things from the night before and his face is burning. There's no way that was anything other than him dreaming, except WHY he's here in this place and this position

makes the dream seem suspect, but.

Why would that be anything *other* than a dream? What he did- what they did- remembering more of it causes his head to pound, but attempting to move only makes it hurt worse. He flops back down with a groan, flinging forearm across his eyes, and LaRusso moves. He shuffles himself with a soft sound, cuddling closer. The feeling of soft skin and the brush of hair against Johnny's chest make his heart go haywire and his muscles tense. He works not to move and throw LaRusso off of him.

But it's a close thing, and maybe that or something else has him peeking out from underneath his arm as the guy's lashes start fluttering and then those big brown eyes blink open. "Mmph, mornin' Johnny," that deep voice on the Jersey accent is even rougher with sleep, and damn it the sound goes right to Johnny's groin with a throbbing ache. What the fuck, this isn't - he wasn't, they weren't -

Johnny practically growls out "hey LaRusso" in return, the impulse to shove him and snarl out something remains, but the guy still has arms around him- in fact after he said good morning, he's shifting one palm up and down, fingers gently scratching Johnny's skin. It feels - nice. Really nice, but weird as hell, because when did they...get like this? Never mind that, how are they cool with each other?

"You're all right, LaRusso." He recalls those words through the pounding of his head and bites back a groan.

This is some fucking way to make good on them!

Daniel looks up at Johnny, feeling wary as well as sore. It's a sort of comfortable ache, though, as he cuddles close. But Johnny's face is exasperated, or almost angry even as his eyes appear confused. Daniel wonders if he remembers everything that happened last night, but he doesn't want to ask- something about being so direct about that... He wonders if it'd spook Johnny, freak him out- or worse, if the look on his face would flip into fury and he would shove Daniel away, kick his ass again?

His heart is pounding as he licks his lips and with voice cracking, damnit, tentatively inquires "... you okay, man? How's your head? Y' drank, uh- a lot last night," Daniel qualifies even as he asks, and he sees Johnny's expression ease a little, if not completely clear.

"It's pounding. But I'll be fine." Daniel practically hears 'this is nothing you need to worry about, LaRusso' from him, and then he thinks of

Johnny's husky voice telling Daniel that he's got him...

Daniel bites his lip and works not to move, or whimper at the thought.

Meanwhile Johnny narrows his eyes at the way LaRusso stiffens. The twerp biting his lip had made a flare of heat jolt through Johnny, but he ignored it. Well, he's trying to ignore it, but hell, he wants to know what else happened.

"Y' told me to siddown," he says abruptly.

LaRusso inhales a sharp breath and his eyes snap up. "What?"

It is almost a demand, his tone, and Johnny rolls his eyes. "Last night. Ya told me to sit down ...on the couch 'cause I drank a lot, and you wanted me to take it easy on my head." He stops himself from thinking about what happened next, at least in his head.

Daniel appears to hesitate. "Yeah, I - I did." His cheeks now burn as he lowers his eyes and then raises them up again. Wants so badly to ask Johnny what happened next, but instead he carefully says "D'you - do you remember anything else?" *Like what you asked me first?*

He moves away from Johnny now, a little. Turning his body away, relinquishing hold on Johnny. Those intense blue eyes are on him and he's starting to sweat. They'd locked on him last night, too, and he'd looked back and had been given a smile...

With a gulp, Daniel looks back again now, over one shoulder, and Johnny's eyes get wider. "I thought I was dreamin', LaRusso," his next words are practically a whisper. "But I-"

Again Daniel swallows. "Y' weren't dreaming, Johnny," he shifts and turns back, looks in the other's face, dealing with the fact his own now feels as hot as the sun.

"It was real," Johnny's eyes are locked on Daniel's face.

"Yeah, it was." Then Daniel's brain spins and he adds "but it doesn't hafta - be a big thing, we don't even hafta talk about it again if you -"

His rushed words are cut off as with an abrupt seizing of his hair and face, Johnny comes in and crashes his mouth to Daniel's.

Chapter 10

Chapter by 1f_this_be_madness

Daniel squeezes his eyes shut as he returns the kiss and registers a groan Johnny makes as maybe not being connected to that, but to his head aching instead. He carefully lifts his hands, spreading apart his fingers and resting them to Johnny's temples and the sides of his face. Daniel rubs the indents of his temples and feels the brush of Johnny's gold bangs against his knuckles as well as the backs of his hands. He moves his lips with Johnny's, catching the lower one and feeling his heart speed up in response to him letting out another sound.

Johnny has rolled himself pretty much completely on top of Daniel now, and his legs are spread apart. A thrumming has already started in Daniel's blood and it only increases at the feeling of Johnny's weight pressing into him.

He can't believe this is happening.

He couldn't believe it last night either, but with Johnny being drunk he figures that could make him do things he wouldn't otherwise ...but he isn't drunk now. And he's still kissing Daniel.

Johnny doesn't know why this is doing what it is, but as he is with LaRusso and holds on to him, he feels less shitty than he has the entire month or so since the All Valley. He still isn't raring to go back home (maybe because he feels so good right now with Daniel, but he's not gonna think too hard about that not in the least because his head is already feeling like it's getting pounded flat from a hangover).

But when Daniel breaks their kisses and pushes on him, suggesting they get up, c'mon Johnny, and Mr Miyagi brings cold water and tea that is somehow soothing for his head, again Johnny gets the feeling that - this isn't bad. Things could be worse.

Leave it to him getting with Daniel LaRusso to think that, what the hell- Johnny shakes his head. This doesn't make any sense, but he's willing to go with it. LaRusso looks over at him with those giant brown eyes and flushes, and Johnny's mouth tugs up into a smirk. He can handle this.

Even if it doesn't make sense.

Strong roots, right? And the tree is getting shaped the way he shapes it.

Johnny may not quite believe it yet, but it's possible things may turn out all right. Or at least, they won't be shit forever.

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